Hunting for Whales at Provincetown.

## FUN AND BUSINESS FOR FISHERMEN.

They Enjoy the Excitement of the Chase with an Eye to the Profits.

## WATCHING ALSO FOR PORGIES AND MACKEREL

Tates, Capt. Ed Walter Smith, Commander, in the Course of Which the Methods of Whaling To-day and the eneral Fishing Business are Set Forth, Together with Some Wonderful Tales

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., July 18,-" We think around here that it's pretty good fun to chase a whale—and catch him," said Capt. Ed Wal-ler Smith of the fishing steamer Dolphin the other day. The tone in which he added " and catch him" implied a good deal in a business sense, for Provincetown people have no time to go whaling for fun, but it meant no more than similar words would from a man with sporting blood in his veins who might speak of out or 'coons. Some men extract satisfaction rom sitting all day on a log dangling makeelieve files over a pool; but the true sportsman wants some semblance of game, and he prefers the game that can make a good fight for it. No living thing will answer the latter purpose better than the whale, and the Cape Cod Bay whale in particular, so far as running nowers are concerned.

"Catch up with a whale in a steamboat!" secrnfully repeated Capt William Smith, one of Capt. Ed Walter Smith's partners. "Huh! they'll run faster'n any train of cars."

So much the better for the sport and the excitement of the chase, but the Captains hereabouts would willingly sacrifice a share of the excitement for the extra barrels of oil that would result if the monsters were easier to

Whales never wholly deserted the waters around Cape Cod. Long after New Bedford, the Vineyard, and Nantucket whalemen were compelled to sail to distant seas in search of the big game, the fishermen of Provincetown d it worth while to cruise about in the bay and ocean near by with their harpoons and lances. Nowadays mackerel, porgy, cod. and herring attract the most attention; but the whale may not whisk his tail too near the porgy fishers or come up to blow in a school of macksrel. He has his pursuers. There is one steamboat here popularly known as the whale boat, from the nature of its business, and nearly very craft that goes outside the harbor for fish carries a set of implements for taking thale should one be met within reach. Several have been caught this season, and hardly a day passes that one or more are not seen. Now the langing of a whale does not excite nearly as much interest here as does a good catch of mackerel; for the tiny mackerel taken in suffiient quantity, as much as may with good luck and hard work be taken in a day, is worth more money than a single gigantic whale; but elsewhere the emotions are more deeply stirred at the thought of chasing cetaceus balacuidas, as the ancient Romans called them when they lived on Cape Cod. That, undoubtedly, was what induced two young men to come down from New York last week intent upon fishing for whales. One of them was an artist, armed with sketch books and tools. They went out upon the sea, burned their noses until prohibition Provincetown looked askance, heard and swallowed stacks of sail-

ors' yarns, and-but wait, THE ADVENTURES OF TWO TOUNG MEN.

The first day they got lost on this town's long street, and arrived at the docks several hours after the last boat had put out. Not to lose time, they hired a sloop and set sail for the porgy grounds, where a large fleet of boats, m and sail. were at work. The Cape Cod the same name that is popular in New York during the spring. For porgy read mossfish are taken partly to sell for bait, and partly to be turned into oil. In June a barrol of porgies will yield about two gallons of oil. The oil product grows greater as the summer advances and the fish grow fatter, until In September four gallons may be made.

The New Yorkers caught no whales on their trip. Three were sighted from the steamer

that afternoon, but they were too far away, to make a chase advisable. The young men accordingly put about and came back. A squall atruck them as they were approaching Long Point. For a few minutes they tried to make the point with the mainsail set on the wrong to fill, and the sloop persisted in making for the sea wall in front of the lighthouse. This was at once discouraging and exciting for the ment they had come a-hunting for. After a time they got the craft out into the open bay. where there was more leeway. Then, much as the traveller does who drives through a strange country where many roads meet, they left the intelligent sloop to her own devices. Somehow or other she promptly filled and started through the white caps at a spanking gait for home. These proceedings were viewed with considerable interest and anxiety by the owner of the sloop from the top of Town Hill, whither he had gone with a glass. He said he didn't care so much for the sloop, but he was afraid the young men might get permanently wet, which would be unlucky for the town so

sarial the young men might get permanently wet, which would be unlikely for the tow as one and the would be unlikely for the tow as one of the work of the wet as one of the property of the season.

EXECUTION REMINISCENCES.

That evening they called on David Conveil.

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Yes," renifed Mr. Cotwell, "and when they has the whiteness have to wait for them to ame up. The trouble is that they don't always die in sight, so that you can't tell where y watch for them."

"When food is picnty, said another neigh-

can stick an iron into em after you've shot on.

These stories, and similar talk around the hotel stove later, inflamed the imagination of the young New torkers to the fever point, and when they went to bed they left word to be called at 40 clock. They were determined to ship for at cruise with Capt. Ed Walter, the captor of right whales. There are a good many people here of the same name. Smiths, Nickersons. Cocks, Smalls, &c., and it is a presty nearly invariable custom to refer to individuals by their given names in order to distinguish them from their family namesakes. Cant. Ed Walter is one of the famous fishermen here, and a whaler too, of the old sort, familiar with long voyages and all kinds of peril at sea. He was hunling swordfish off Hock Island inst summer, and got an ugly, nearly fatal wound from a big fish that rammed its wicked shout through the captain half time to jump.

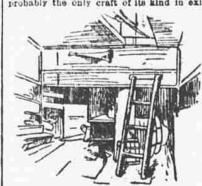
I saw just a flash of him coming up through

its wicked shout through the heavy planks of the hoat without giving the Captain half time to jump.

"I saw just a flash of him coming up through the water," said Cart. Ed. Walter," and jusped, it caught me, but if I hadn't jumped exactly as I did I would have been killed."

The Captain had to spend many weeks in a hospital to recover from his wound, but his companions had the satisfaction of killing the fish. They cut off the sword, an uncommon thing for a fisherman to do, and it is preserved here as a souvenir. This season the Captain is fishing in partnership with his brother and three other men. They work on equal shares, a percentage of the product first being set aside as the interest of the boats. Out of their combined capital they fit out the boats with anniances and provisions, and employ a cook and two young men on fixed wages as general assistants, or men before the mast, as they might be called; for, of course, all the partners are officers, recognizing Capt Ed Walter as chief. Nevertheless, the boats company is thoroughly democratic, and all would eat at the first table if there were room.

These men work with two boats. The first and most important is the steamer Dolphile, probably the only craft of its kind in exist-



cabin of the augustus tates.

ence. She was built solely for catching fish, and not for carrying them. The engine is in an open house amidships that may be entirely closed in rough weather by hatches. Abait the house is a space guarded by bulwarks where the big seine is piled, and at the stern is a miniature deck without rails or anything else to hang to. The deck forward has a light from rail. The boat, which has no wheel, is steered from this deck by ropes connected with the rudder, a crude but very picturesque device, for there are few things on shipboard more alive with character than a salior in his oil suit straining at the steering ropes in the face of a sea combing over the bew. Just forward of the engine house a mast is set fitted for sail, but its important purpose is to provide a lookout at the top from which the sea may be scanned for signs of whale or fish running in schools. The Dolphin, of course, has to have a companion boat for more reasons than one. In good luck there are fish to be carried home, and in any case there must be a place to cook and eat in. for the steamer is unprovided in this respect. The nearest appreach it has to a hold is a narrow space under the forward deck where oil suits, bomb guns, harpoons, and whale spades are stored.

The companion boat to the Dolphin is the 13-ton sleep Augustus W, Yates, Although her deck is not protected by a rail, she is so good a sailor that she comes drier out of rough weather than the steamer does. The Yates, like i most boats of her iclass, is designed for extended cruises. Accommodations for the men are in the fore part, where live or six could sleep, and where also, in the same room, are kitchen, pantry, table, coal box, "slep chests," and what not else of the little the sailor wants and must have below. By dint of close crowding six mon may eat at a time in this room, and a moderately alged man can stand on some parts of the floor without bumping his head against the deck.

Such were the craft upon which the New York artist and his friend wanted to go a-fish-ing for a whale. When they reached the wharf nearest to which the boats were moored at 4% that morning Capt. Ed Walter and all hands were on board and getting ready to start. They were a half mile away. Fortunately a man was at work near by painting a dory, and when the situation was made known to him he averaged to take the authoritants out to the man was at work near by painting a dory, and when the situation was made known to him he agreed to take the enthusiasts out to the steamer if such a thing as a boat could be found. An old tub of a dory lay on the beach, but it had no thole pins, and none of the neighbors abroad at that bour harpened to have any handy. Yankee like, the painter whipped out his jackknife and whittled four pins before the ariist could say Jack Robinson. The old dory leaked several pailfuls a minute, but it held together until the steamer was reached, where the painter borrowed a dipper to ball with on the way back. Capt. Ed Waiter received his passongers cordially, merely warning them that there were no accommodations.

A start was made at once. There was a fine breeze blowing, and sailing craft were already far out toward the open bay, on the way to the porty grounds. As the Dolphin steamed rapidly down the harbor, the artist and his friend sat on the after deck, while Capt. Ed Waiter stood on the seine in front of them and talked shop.

"I've been through a good many bad seasons for fish," he said. "but this beats them all. There's been no line at all except in pogles, and not enough of that to boast of. It takes hard work and constant good luck to make them pay, and it peeds more men than we are to handle a school to the best advantage. We fitted out at some expense for herring in the



SKIPPER, CREW, AND COOK,

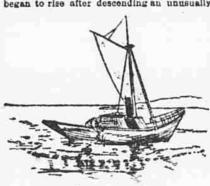
inches long and weighs 28 pounds. The barrel is about 12% inches in diameter, with a bore of about 1 inch. It is loaded with a small charge of granpowder and fired in the old style by personation. The projectile, 15 inches long, as a copper tube. The forward end is a road with a sharp boint and the rear with metal or rubber flanges which expand as the bomb leaves the barrel, and serve, like the leathers of an arrow, to give balance and direction in its light. The body of the projectile is filled with powder, which is connected with the tip by a lise. A percussion cap on the forward end of the fuse rests area net a splinter of wood just strong enough to had it in place. When the top strikes a whale the chock is sufficient to break the splinter, and the cap coming is contact with the instal of the tip's base, explodes, and the fuse is lighted.

"The fuse," explanned Capt. Ed Walter, "is timed to burn twelve seconds. By that time the bomb is well in-ide the whale, if it hasn't gone clean through, as is sometimes the case, and it bursts. It kills the whale, sure pop, but generally not at once. If the whale does soon and we have fo make a note of the spot. After seventy-two hours the whale will come to the surface again. Then we go out and take him

made rapidly for the Back Side, as the eastern shore of the peninsula is called on the Cane, and as she dwindled in the distance the mon on the lookout resolved themselves into a black ball, making the eraft look like a light toat hunting for a sunken ledge to anchor over. Capt. Villiam set the sloop's sall on the starbaari tack clewed up the stayaall and lib. set the wheel and made it fast, and then wont below to wash dishes and bake bread for dinner. He remained there nearly an hour, mixing and kneading, and watching the baking and doing all other necessary kitchen work, while the sloop bowled merrily over the waves after the steamer, never aftering her course by as much as a halfooint. He came up for a moment at the Race Rip. This is the place where the waters divide, the bay being on one side, the ocean on the other, and the division is actual as well as reographical. It is a hard place to pass in rough weather because of the conflict of the tides. For about a quarrer of a mile there is always a seething, tumbling, choppy sea there that not infrequently baffles the fishermen altogether in their efforts to creas it. After Capt. William had finished his baking he came on deck and navigated the sloop so that in could always have the steamer in view.



in. It often happens that the critter runs away off somewhers out of sight and disaw." I should think so," assented Cart. William Smith into related, by the way, to Capt. Ed Waller, "I should think so," assented Cart. William Smith into related, by the way, to Capt. Ed Waller, "I should think so," assented Cart. William Smith into related, by the way, to Capt. Ed Waller, "I should think so," assented Cart. William Smith into related, by the way, to Capt. Ed Waller, "I should think so," assented Cart. William Smith into related, by the way going to get away. He wanted to the course of the way going to get away. He wanted thought he way going to get away. He wanted thought he way going to get away. He wanted thought he way going to get away. He wanted thought he way going to get away. He wanted thought he way going to get away. He wanted to come un. But suddenly I saw him she way. The same should see a sould as far off as you want to be ware. That's about as far off as you want to be wanted at one to take the fight on the self-come of the self-co



in the port quarter. Not far away a solitary fish orman in a crary dory was stelledly pulling up lobster ports as if nothing particular were going on. The steamer was relling with a corkseres, and it don't do it, and it don't the New Yorkers.

The steamer was relling with showing no symptoms whatever of sickness at any stage of the proceedings. It happened, however, on that day that the engineer was ill, and went out only from that patient, horoic sense of duy and business that is a characteristic of every mariner on the cape. He found that he could not endure the close atmosphere of the engineer room, with both sides closed, and accordingly the Captain ordered a return to port.

"This trough enough to trouble us any," apologized the Captain. "but it might be dangerous for the engineer. It's calin now, but it dooks as if it might blow up rough before the day is over."

The artist was astonished,
"Would you mind saying," he inquired, "how much of sea would be kicked up by a gentle breaze."

Captain Ed. Walter laughed and resumed his work forward. Cantain Jark Lowis, one of his partners, supplied the answer.

"Tain't rough," he said, "untilithe waves get on their hind legs and wrant their arms around the masthead. When that happens we find it difficult to see the schools of flah moren a mile away. Then we go home.

That was a bad day for fleshing all around. The porty boats came back empty handed no mackerel were running, and even the weirs risuled up a scanty supply of whitings, No whales on the first cruise for the New Yorkers.

FAIR WEATHER POR CRUISE THE SECOND,

FAIR WEATHER FOR CRUISE THE SECOND.

The next morning they were up earlier than before and went off to the steamer in Capt. Ed Walter's own dory. There wast just enough of a breeze blowing to promise delightful sating, and the sloop hal already taken advantage of it to get under way. She had made Long Point before the steamer started. Once out of the harbor Capt. Ed Walter climbed to the masthead and sat on the lookout, kieking his heels against the wind and keeping a keen eye upon the sea for any sign of whale or mackerel. There was nothing to report when the steamer overhauled the sloop off Wood End Light. Capt. William Smith rut his head out of the sloop's combination cabin and galley and announced that breaklast was ready. It seemed that the regular cook had deserted, and that Capt. William had volunteered to do the work until another man could be hired. The engine of the Dolphin was stopped, and the sloop PAIR WEATHER POR CRUISE THE SECOND,





down near the shore. Her skipper was hunting for a school of striped base, and, with more business than sport in his blood, he meant to catch there with a seine instead of baving fun with a rod and reel. All day he piled back and forth, and wont home at last without a fish. "Here's where we lost \$2,000 last summer." said Capt. William, reflectively. The sloop was then sailing over l'eaked Hill bar, the most dangerous place on the Atlantic coast north of listteras. She was just abreast of the life-saving station of the same name, noted for dealing with more wrecks and saving more lives than any other station within hundreds of miles.

of miles.

"How was that—did you go ashore?" asked the artist.

"No." replied Capt. William. "we didn't get the fish. We had sighted a school of mackerel, and made for 'om. The dory was set with one end of the seine, and we were trying to take the other end out and around 'em to the dory again, and so have 'em, but they gave us the silp and ran out by the dory before we could reach 'em. Two sloops were bearing down from different directions, and when they see that we had missed the fish they set their seines to gatch 'em. If the other sloops had not been there we might have tried again, but they happened to spread their seines in such a way that one worked finally within the other at the ends, and the fish were where they couldn't possibly get away. The sloops divided the ketch, which was sold for \$2,000. That made us feel pretty blue, and no mistake, for quite a spell as we've be'n having this spring."

The artist expressed his sympathies, and then the ruling passion broke loose.

"Tell us a whale story," he pleaded.

"Don't know about that," said the Captain:
"I was an officer on board whalers for twelve years, and finished my last cruise about four years ago, and I've seen a good many things in the whaling line, but I hate to tell a story unless it's going to be believed. I haven't any cause to lie, or exagerate, but most landsmen credit sailors with spinning yarns for the sake of lying, and I don't do it. was that-did you go ashore?" asked





line was 300 fathoms long, a length that is usually enough for it isn't often that a whale with the iron wei into him will run that far. This one did, though, and in, order not to lose him I ben't oo another 300 fathom line and let him go with that. Blossed if no didn't un that out too, but he stopped there and we rowed close up to him. I was trying for a change to shoot a bomb into him, and had a gun that was out or order in the lock, so that sometimes the hammer wouldn't fall when you rulled the trigger. Well, it just failed up on me that time, and away went the whale, and for a second time he run out the 600-failion line. We pulled in pagain and that time I took good care and hit him right under the fin, a spot just the same as if a bullet was to strike you under your arm. It did the business for him, of course, but he stopped around, hit the boat with his tail, and un went I into the air. The men in the boat said I went up at least 50 foet. I don't know, it seemed 500 to me, and I know I had time before I came down to do guits some thinking. I struck the water when I came down or else I wouldn't be sitting here to tell you about it. We gut the whale."

"Do you try to hit a whale nader the fin?"

"Yes, that a the best place, but you can't always take your choice of spots, and you can't always take your choice of spots, and you can't killed him. And I saw one case where the bomb won tim at the whale's side, and after the thing exploded, he never stirred. It killed him has fired right into the critter's throat. It killed him, and I saw one case where the bomb won tim at the whale's side, and after the thing exploded, he never stirred. It killed him instantiv. Such cause are uncommon."

"Is it true that whales over attack boats and the main fired right into the critter's throat. It killed him, and also see a side of the struck and after the him ger him of the proper time to some to pull up and lance, or shoot him. The captain was anytous about it and he ordered a boat forward too soon. It went up. I was in anot



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The product of the control of the co

Some Baking Powders Lose Their Strength Quickly.

For twenty-five years the Royal Baking Powder Company has refused to be controlled by the mania of its competitors-to produce a cheap baking powder at the sacrifice of quality or wholesomeness. Some lowercost brands are now being pushed on the market, which are made of inferior materials and lose their strength quickly after the can is once opened. At the second or third baking there will be noticed a falling off in strength. It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder, especially when the substitute is offered on the ground that it is cheaper.

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CRUISE THE THIRD.

Red Bluges and Death Emanated From

again. The fish were then enclosed, but the water was deeper than the seine and they began to escape. The engine was stopped and disconnected from the screw, then the lower edge of the schie was attached to the engine, and it went to work again, pulling the scine with it, and bringing the fish into close and closer quarters. This, roughly, is the approved modern method of setting and operating a seine, aithough on salling craft the odditine method of hauling in by hand is still followed. In this case most of the porgles got away and the catch was small, owing the Captain said, to the limited crew and the size of the scine as well as to the smartness of the fish, which are among the hardest to take.

It was just about that hour as the New Yorkers learned after they arrived in port, that another Provincetown steamer was giving hot chase to a whale ten miles to the northwest. Two were chased near the mouth of the bay before night, but both were scared and ran fast and far, and no boat got hear enough to take a shot at them.

The search was kept up on the Dolphin and Yates until sundown, supper being served meantime. This meal consisted of fried ham, outstook, hot bread, and tes. On the way in the men put the boats in order and threw bushels of sail upon the seller. This was done to protect the cords of the net from injury that would result from the silme of the sea.

No whales. Hed Biases and Beath Emunated From His Venomous Shin.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Among the Indians of New Mexico there are told many regencie of a nature so wered that the blood of the white listoner often runs cold at the recital of them. Among them all there is probabily not another so startling as the tales they tell of the culibra de lumbre, or snake of fire. This reptile, according to the natives, overcomes its enemies by emitting from the mouth a long, thin streak of fire, which pierces the vitals of the being against whom it is directed and actually searches the life out. Many persons, say the Indians have been seared by the flames and in nearly every instance death ensural instantly. It was the good fortune of a member of the United States Geological Survey, who was recently transferred to a nest on the California coast, after having spent many years in New Mexico, to meet with an aged indian who maintained that such a reptile really existed in years gone by, and who related the chromatances of personal encounters had with the serpents. The narrative of the Indian is research below exactly as the official referred to wrote it down.

The members of the geological survey who were with me in New Mexico were encamped one night in a casen close to the bank of a river. There had been a fire in the underbrush not many yards from where our tents stood, and no cann in the party was able to give a plausible explanation as to its origin, and the discussion of the subject was about to cases when an explanation of the mystery camefrom a surver whose we least expected it.

"Maybe it was the culcibra its lumbre."

Everybody turned toward the person who had spoken.

It was Pablo, squatting in his usual corner, with his trees diregum us so that his cities and

The New Yorkers were not wholly discouraged. Whales had been seen and chased while they were out, and perhaps the next time their boat would have the luck to meet one; and if they had thus far caught no big game they had at least taken an inside view of the flesherman's life and business; a life of long days full of work not without peril; a business afflicted to the highest degree with the element of chance, having the possibilities of considerable roward, the probability of a seant living, and at the other end the possibility of poverty and debt. The visitors learned that one boat by extraordinary luck last season netted \$10,000 all told, and that out of the poorest soason for years, though this one bids fair to be worse befor winter ends it. That boat had been engaged in extended cruises to the eastern lanks and elsewhere. They heard of one boat in the Provincetown fleet. a large, handsome schooner, that had been able to pay its men \$10 apiece per week for three successive weeks. Almost all the fishing is done on shares, so that a vessel's success is measured by the amount cleared by each man. Another had just come in from a week's business with \$19 a man. These were all accounted very successful, and the flesherman said that if a man could clear \$50 a month for his fourteen to seventeen hours' work dally throughout the season, he was doing well. At that, or less, or whatever they net most of the fishermen here, Portugues included, own their own homes.

On the other hand, there were stories of a brave young Captain who took command of his first whaler with a high heart, thankful at last for the opportunity to make some money for himself. He returned after many menths "Maybe it was the culebra de limbra."
Everybody turned toward the person who had spoken,
it was l'ablo, equating in his usual corner, with his knees drawn au so that his chin could rest upon them, while his hands were clasped around his shina. Fablo was a partarch among the Indians of New Mexico, our he was also an excellent cook, and that accounted for his being one of our party. Just how old Pablo was no-body—not even himself—could tell, but it is a fact that he was a man before the eldest of those who surrounded him was born.

"The snake of fire," said I, who had never heard of it; "what do you mean, Pablo?"

"Then the senor does not know of culebra de lumbre," ejaculated the aged Indian, as his eyes opened with wonder.
Certainly I knew not hing of it.
Then Pablo toid us that it was a serpent whose species existed only in that immediate vicinity—a reptile when at full growth was about ten feet long and everal inches in diameter, we aderfully quick in movement, whose color was a vivid scarlet, from whose skin, wen enraged, there didused a yellowish glow, while from its mouth it would emit long lightning-like streaks of living flame. Its breath meant death to anything it touched, and where it writhed its way along the ground there was leit a trail scorched as though marked by fire. At our looks of increduity Pablo morely shrugged his shoulders.

"O, abigo noo," said he, "there is a curse unon this land, but its blight is nassing away, for with each year the number of these servens grow look. But when I was young I have seen them out there in the crasses, these salves that spit fire many of them. Many of the indians call them culebra colorade.

Pablo ceased talking but we were interested and questioned him closely, being rewarded his first whaler with a high heart, thankful at last for the opportunity to make some money for himself. He returned after many menths without a barrel of oil, not one whale having crossed his path during the whole cruise. For days he remained on board his beat in the harbor, too chagrined and disheartened to face his townspeople, until his immediate family went out and persuaded him with all affection to face the fortune of fishermen without flinching and try again. No lokes pass in this community when a fisherman comes home emptywent out and persuaged film with an action to face the fortune of Shermon without flinching and try again. No jokes pass in this community when a fishermon ecomes home emuty-handed and hungry. It is oftenot thus. Then there were the young men who put the savings of a few good seasons into a boat of their own, which they had to sell at a loss after their first summer as masters. And while the visitors were here they saw schooners and sloops in the harbor waiting day after day for the local fishermen to bring in porclos enough to serve them as bait for a cruise of a week or ten days to the Georges Banks, and after ten days some of those fishing boats were still waiting.

And after their second cruise, in the Dolphin and lates, they saw the logs settle and the winds blow so that no boat ventured out unless bound for distant parts. Then came a report over the wires that a big school of whiles was coming up the coast. They had been seen off Chatham, and forthwith the boats but out again, and those that went by steam shot down the linck Side in hope of meeting the school. The visitors went along, and the day pinesod as before—hours and hours of cruising with men at the lookouts, an occasional meal, a passing drift of reminiscences burdened with subdued but bitter comments on the character of the season. The first mackere of the year, weeks overdue, was caught with a hand line by the passengers, but the school to which he belonged made no brask to show the watchers where to cast their nets. The little fellow, a "inker," in the language of the market, served to ravive hope somewhat and many were the wishes that the even might take 100 barries of his like; but the school kept out of sight, and passed on to other waters minus ope poor member. Ill luck was distributed evenly over the Table censed talking but we were interested and questioned him closely, being rewarded with the information that these luminous snakes were dreaded even more than rattlesnakes. They were aggressive, climbed trees, ran on top of the brush as well as on the ground, and would attack a man or other animal and pierce with the flame. He had seem them many times, when the moon was bidden by clouds, squirming over the grass and through it, casting a phosphorescent glow acound them, while at short intervals fire would flash from their mouths, searing the herbage around and causing living things to hasten from the vicinity in terror. That their existence was well known to the older natives. Pable said, was attested by the fact that many rocks in the vicinity have crude pictures of the servent, and he knew of rocks the pictures of the servent, and he knew of rocks the pictures on which must have been drawn by ancient tribes years ago. I can attest the truth of this last statement, for I have seen pictures such as Pable described and often wondered what they meant.